"Timothy, please turn off the television and come eat your dinner," said Mother, calling from the kitchen.

"Can't I please eat in the living room?" Timothy pleaded.

"Certainly not! I have never heard of such a thing!" replied Mother. Timothy turned off the television, walked quickly into the kitchen to eat dinner. Mother had made his favorite meal, which consisted of spaghetti with meatballs. She had even made chocolate pudding for dessert. Usually Timothy had two servings, but tonight he ate quickly because there was a space program on television.

"Slow down," said Mother, "or else you will choke on your food." "I'm sorry, Mother, but there is a show on TV that I want to watch." Mother disapproved, so Timothy asked for a second helping. He gobbled it down and raced to watch his show.

As you can see, Timothy loved to watch television. He rose early in the morning to watch before school. He watched after school, too. His friends asked him to play ball outside, but Timothy said, "No, thank you." Mother bought him interesting books, but he thought reading was dull. There were no moving pictures in books.

One afternoon, Timothy pressed the button on the remote, but nothing happened. Not even a sound! He pushed all of the buttons and twisted all of the knobs on the set, but nothing worked. Timothy ran to his mother, very upset. She told him that it must be broken.

"How long will it take to have it fixed?" he asked. Mother said, "Probably a week."

Timothy was heartbroken. What would he do? He quickly became bored and wandered around the house. He couldn't think of anything to do besides watch television.

One afternoon, he found a book about space rockets. Mother must have bought it for him. He began to read, and by late afternoon he had almost finished the book.

"Timothy, wash your hands, please, because it's time to eat dinner," Mother called from the kitchen.

"Just a minute, Mother," replied Timothy. "I am almost finished with my book."

In the kitchen, Mother smiled to herself.

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